

PLAYBOY

ENTERTAINMENT FOR MEN

APRIL 1994 • \$4.95

**A NASTY
INTERVIEW
WITH
HOWARD
STERN**

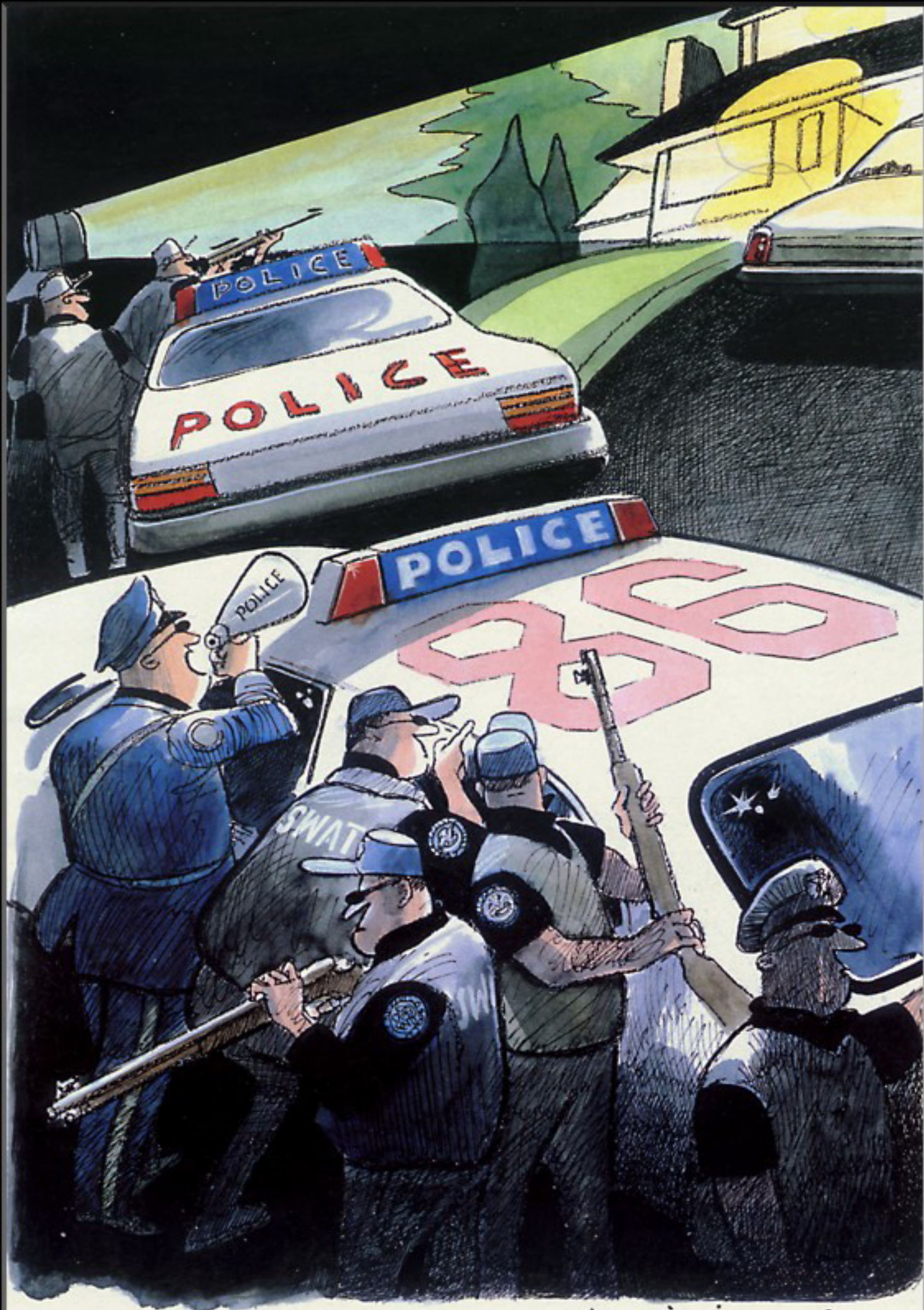
**TODAY'S SPECIAL!
THE
GIRLS OF
HOOTERS**



**ORGASM
ONLINE:
DOES IT
COMPUTE
FOR YOU?**

**THE
RUSSIAN
MOB INVADES
THE U.S.**

**PLUS: A CLINTON-
ERA PUB CRAWL,
20 QUESTIONS
WITH LAURENCE
FISHBURNE, THE
PLAYBOY MUSIC
POLL WINNERS**



mike winick S.

"Mrs. Anderson! Mrs. Anderson! Maybe if you could give Mr. Anderson back the remote control we could end this thing without anybody getting hurt!"

PLAYMATE REVISITED

Marianne Gravatte



miss october 1982 returns as a poster girl for family values

MARIANNE GRAVATTE, PLAYBOY's Playmate of the Year 1983, doesn't work out at a health club, but she's in terrific shape. "I run around after *them*," says Marianne, smiling at her three thrill-a-minute sons, who tumble and shout around us. She's not complaining. She spent her whole life building up to the title of "Mom." Her first prize—the Playmate crown—was pretty special, too. "I'll look back on it forever," she says, "thinking how lucky I was." She feels

this way despite the fact that she got a thorough ribbing on national TV—from David Letterman, no less. Although she preserves her memories, she did have to dispose of the Porsche she won as a Playmate prize: There was no room in it for the kids. Her son Cody was born in 1987, then came Justin and Matthew. To fully enjoy the chaos of home, Marianne quit her modeling career and now, with her husband, Mark, runs a sports bar. She's the sultriest supermom in town.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY ARNY FREYTAG



Marianne was painfully shy before we met her, so shy that "if I didn't know a phone number, I would be too embarrassed to call information." Now 34, a veteran of many modeling assignments, including four for us, she credits *PLAYBOY* with bringing her out of her shell. "Posing nude, you get over your shyness," she says with a grin.



Great moments in Playmateland: "At an autograph session in a small town when I was Playmate of the Year, one young man just looked at me for hours," says Marianne. "So at the end of the session I went over and gave him a kiss on the cheek." For that young man and all her fans, here's good news: Marianne remembers.







Interlandi

*"And next time, if there is a next time, I'll thank you not to
leave a little Post-it note on me!"*

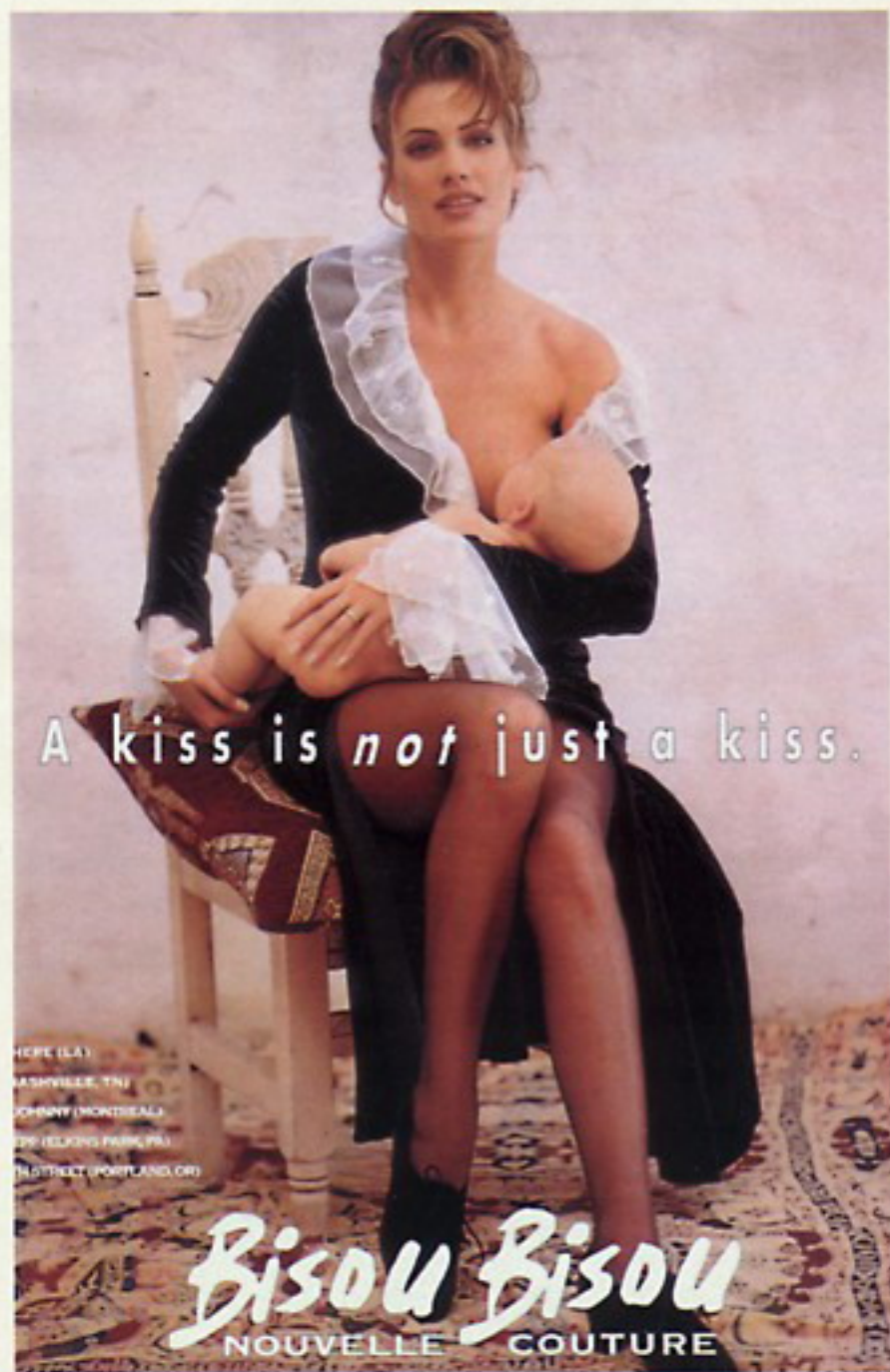


NOTTOLI, AU NATUREL

a more intimate view of a billboard goddess

A PHOTOGRAPH SOMETIMES develops a life of its own. Or in this case "magic," to use Roberto Rocco's word. The Italian photographer anticipated nothing magical when a fashion magazine in his home country sent him to shoot Detroit-born Elizabeth Nottoli. It was just another job with a gorgeous model—a bit more exciting than most, perhaps, considering his subject's unusual allure. When they met, though, it was the photographic equivalent of love at first sight. "We agreed to have an open shooting, which meant I could shoot whatever I felt, anything at all," says Rocco in his musically accented English. "Elizabeth was so spontaneous, so comfortable with her body, so beautiful, it just got better and better." Elizabeth (whose surname Nottoli rhymes with *bodily*, almost) felt the same charge in the air. "I got the best vibe from Roberto," she says. "He's a cool guy. No matter what your flaws are, he makes you feel like a beautiful woman." She told him that they might be creating something scandalous: She had just done a major campaign for the nouvelle couture firm Bisou Bisou in which the childless Elizabeth breast-fed a baby. There might be some conflict between that wholesome image and her nudity in these new photos, she said. But it didn't matter; she was equally proud of both incarnations. For his part, Rocco was so delighted that he decided to take the results of his photo session with Elizabeth to Los Angeles, where he showed them to PLAYBOY's West Coast Photo Editor, Marilyn Grabowski. She knew Nottoli from Bisou Bisou's billboards in Los Angeles. "That's where I spotted her," says Grabowski. "She's incredibly striking. Elizabeth is a knockdown gorgeous girl." Such praise will not be news to the readers of *Harper's Bazaar* and the many other magazines in which Elizabeth has appeared, though some may be surprised to see her here. But the element of surprise is part of the story.

Elizabeth paid a price for Bisou Bisou (right). "That little guy really latched on to me. I was sore for days." Then she let her hair down for photographer Roberto Rocco. Her first film, *Brilliant Disguise* with L.A. Law's Corbin Bernsen, opens this spring.





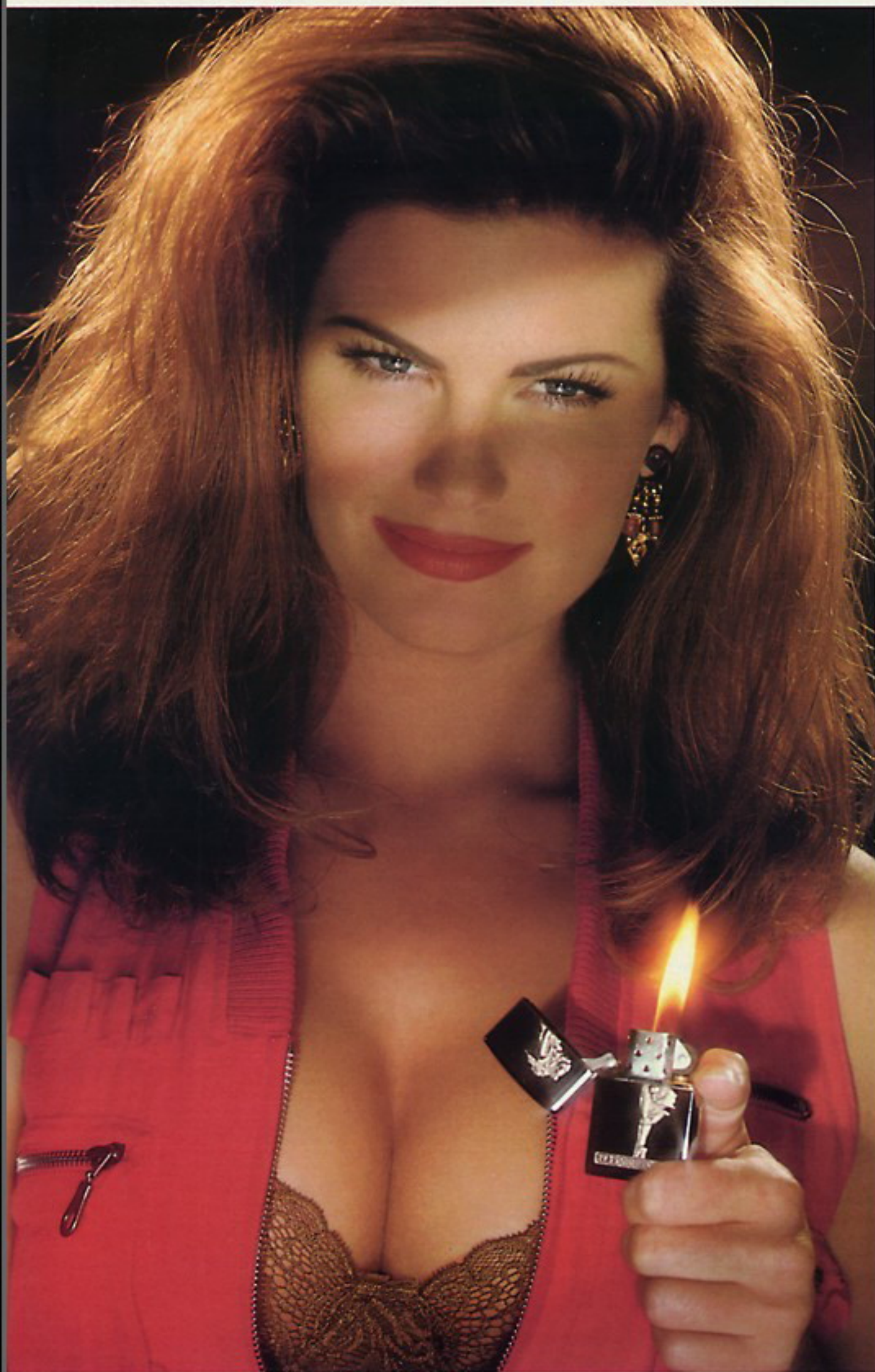
"Elizabeth even made breakfast for us," says the still-amazed Rocco. This is supernaturally unusual: He and his crew showed up for the shoot and their model—presumably a prima donna who might demand extreme pampering—had prepared strawberry-and-cream-cheese bagels and fruit plates for everyone. "I take care of the people I like," says Elizabeth. She then proceeded to prove she was no mere globe-trotting Suzy Homemaker. She is so sensual that Rocco felt he had to find the perfect forum for their work. Now satisfied that he has done so in *PLAYBOY*, he couldn't be happier. But the last words belong to Elizabeth: The dynamic between photographer and model is "not always perfect," she says with a laugh, "but this time it was magic."







"It's for position 82."



HER APPROACH is regal and confident, as if she were breezing down the runway at a beauty pageant. Her release appears flawless. But suddenly, sensing disaster, Becky DelosSantos starts gesturing wildly and shaking her pelvis like Elvis. Unfortunately, Miss April's body language is in vain. Her pink bowling ball spins into the gutter at a North Miami bowling alley. "It's my toe," she pouts. She is not making a lame excuse. Two days earlier the playful Becky broke a toe, sprained a finger and skinned her knee while horsing around with a water gun at a party. Still, she insisted that we go bowling. "I'm addicted to games—canasta, chess, backgammon, Pictionary. You name it, I play it." Becky attributes this infatuation to being an only child and having to entertain herself while growing up in tiny Marshfield, Massachusetts. One of her earliest memories is of playing Go Fish with her grandmother. These days Becky plays games to pass time when she works (modeling swimsuits and lingerie), which is often. "The delay between shots or when the weather's bad can really drag, especially when I'm in an exotic location that I'm dying to explore. When I was in Istanbul and in Phuket, Thailand, I loved haggling in bazaars." Becky now lives in south Florida, but she spent six years modeling throughout Asia and Europe, settling in

THE PLAYER

miss april proves that she's game for anything





"I can be a real klutz," says Becky. "In kindergarten I broke my collarbone falling down the stairs. A few years later I broke my tailbone in a fall. In high school I broke my pinkie trying to catch a Nerf football and needed nine stitches after slamming the library door on my hand. Then in Italy I cut my shin so badly on a metal bench that I almost needed plastic surgery." Funny, she looks pretty good to us.





Milan for the last two. Between assignments, she skied the Alps, ice-skated and learned to speak Italian. But after 14 years of modeling (she landed her first job when she was eight after a photographer was dazzled by her First Communion pictures), Becky is considering a less hectic lifestyle. "In about three years I'd like to retire to New England, but not to Marshfield. My friends there think that going to Boston is a big step and that Massachusetts is the world. I thrive in large cities, though my dream is to live on a remote ranch with horses and my two cats, Stoli and Snow." The closest she gets to New England now is watching the Bruins and Celtics on TV at a hole-in-the-wall Irish pub she frequents in Miami. It's here that Becky guides us to more games. First, there's darts, which she wins handily. Then, in the sexual trivia category of Pitboss Superstar, she









reels off five straight answers before stumbling over "What does the Skene's gland do?" (For all you nongynecologists, it emits lubricant.) Over a few games of eight ball, Becky reflects on her image of the ideal man. "Looks aren't at all important . . . nine ball, side pocket. I want someone who can make me laugh. Someone who doesn't need to be constantly reminded that I love him . . . 14 in the corner. I just like to have fun. My idea of a perfect date is to get dressed up, have an elegant dinner and then play miniature golf." With that, Becky lines up the ten ball and—egad!—misses the shot. "Hey, it's my toe," she jokes. —TOM WOTHERSPOON

As a child, Becky's nickname was "daddy longlegs" because she was skinny and gawky. The summer Becky turned 16, her hormones kicked in and her body filled out into what you see here. "Suddenly, everyone was interested in me. I still demand a lot of attention. Maybe it's a Leo thing."



MISS APRIL

PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH



Becky Delos Santos

PLAYMATE DATA SHEET

NAME: Becky Delos Santos

BUST: 36C WAIST: 24 HIPS: 36

HEIGHT: 5'10" WEIGHT: 130

BIRTH DATE: 8-11-69 BIRTHPLACE: Boston, Massachusetts

AMBITIONS: Find true love, have a big family and a farm with a lot of privacy and animals. Learn the tango!

TURN-ONS: Wearing men's clothes, skinny-dipping, long soft kisses, love handles and people who make me laugh.

TURNOFFS: Small-town gossip, waking up early, snobs, cucumbers and anyone who is inconsiderate or judgmental.

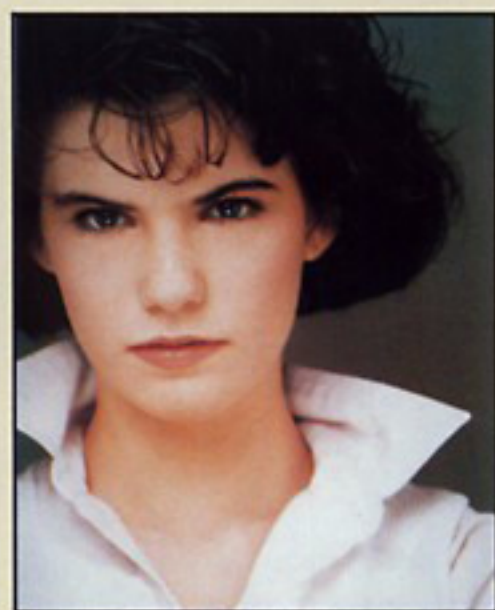
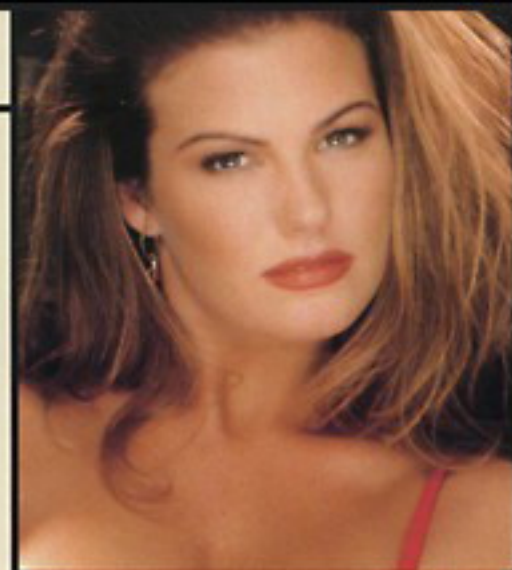
MOST IRRATIONAL FEAR: The dark (Thank God for night-lights).

THERE OUGHT TO BE A LAW: Against men in G-strings—There's nothing more sexy than boxers!

THE IDEAL ROMANTIC EVENING: A long candle light bubble bath for two with incense burning, Frank Sinatra playing and a good bottle of wine chilling—who could resist?

I TRULY BELIEVE: The moment you say "I give up"
Someone else, seeing the same situation, is saying opportunity! ^{"what a great"}

WHEN PIGS FLY: I'll wear fur!



14 and very preppy! The girls out boating.

upstate NY with Ice.

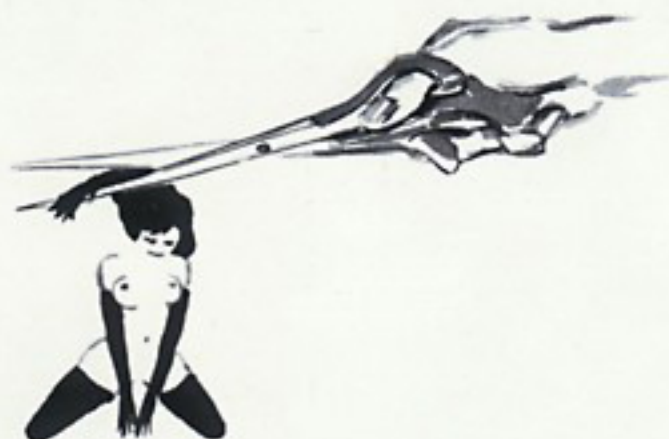
PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

Doctor," the blonde complained to her gynecologist, "I've been trying to have a baby for months, but nothing's happened."

"Let's see if we can do something about that," he said with a reassuring smile. "Now, just get undressed and lie down on the table."

"All right," she replied with a resigned shrug, "but I'd really prefer to have my husband's baby."

We hear the L.A. police were instructed not to handcuff Heidi Fleiss when they arrested her. It would have cost \$500 extra.



Moses got his people as far as the Red Sea, but couldn't figure out how to cross safely to the other side. He called over his engineer. "We could try building a pontoon bridge," the engineer suggested.

"Can it be done in a hurry?"

"No, it would take quite a while."

Moses called in his PR man. "If I were you," the PR man said, "I would climb up there on the bluff, raise my hand, invoke the name of God and part the waters. Then I would lead my people through the path and close the waters on the following Egyptians."

"That sounds great," Moses said, "but do you think I can do it?"

"I'm not sure," replied the PR man, "but if you do, I can get you a page in the Old Testament."

Why do blondes smile when they see lightning? They think that they're getting their pictures taken.

A biker's old lady went to a clairvoyant. "Prepare for widowhood, deary," the seer warned, "because your husband will die very soon."

"Yeah, yeah," the woman prodded impatiently, "but will I be acquitted?"

When a tourist got lost deep within bayou country, he came upon a ramshackle cabin and stopped to ask the two locals sitting on the porch for directions. Before he left, he considered the remote surroundings and then asked, "So, what do you fellows do for fun around these parts?"

"Well," one of the men drawled, "mainly we hunt and fuck."

"What do you hunt?"

"Usually," the other one replied, "something to fuck."

How do you know if a lawyer is well hung? You can't get your finger between his neck and the noose.

The farmer's wife was cooking dinner when there was a knock on the door. She opened it and the man standing there said, "Do you have any pussy?"

"Get out of here," the woman exclaimed, shaking her fist, "and don't come around here no more."

The next night, the same man came to the door, asking the same question. The farmer's wife slammed the door.

When her husband came home that evening, she told him about the two visits. "I'll get that varmint if he comes back tomorrow," he raged. "This time, if he asks you that same question, say yes."

The next night at the sound of a knock, the farmer hid behind the door with his shotgun. His wife answered. "Do you have any pussy?" the man asked.

"Yes, I do," the woman said.

"Well, how's about giving your old man some," he bellowed, "so he'll leave my wife's alone?"

Graffiti spotted on a subway wall: LIFE IS JUST ONE CONTRADICTION AFTER ANOTHER. Underneath, someone had written, NO, IT'S NOT.



What would it cost to trace my family tree?" the man asked a genealogist.

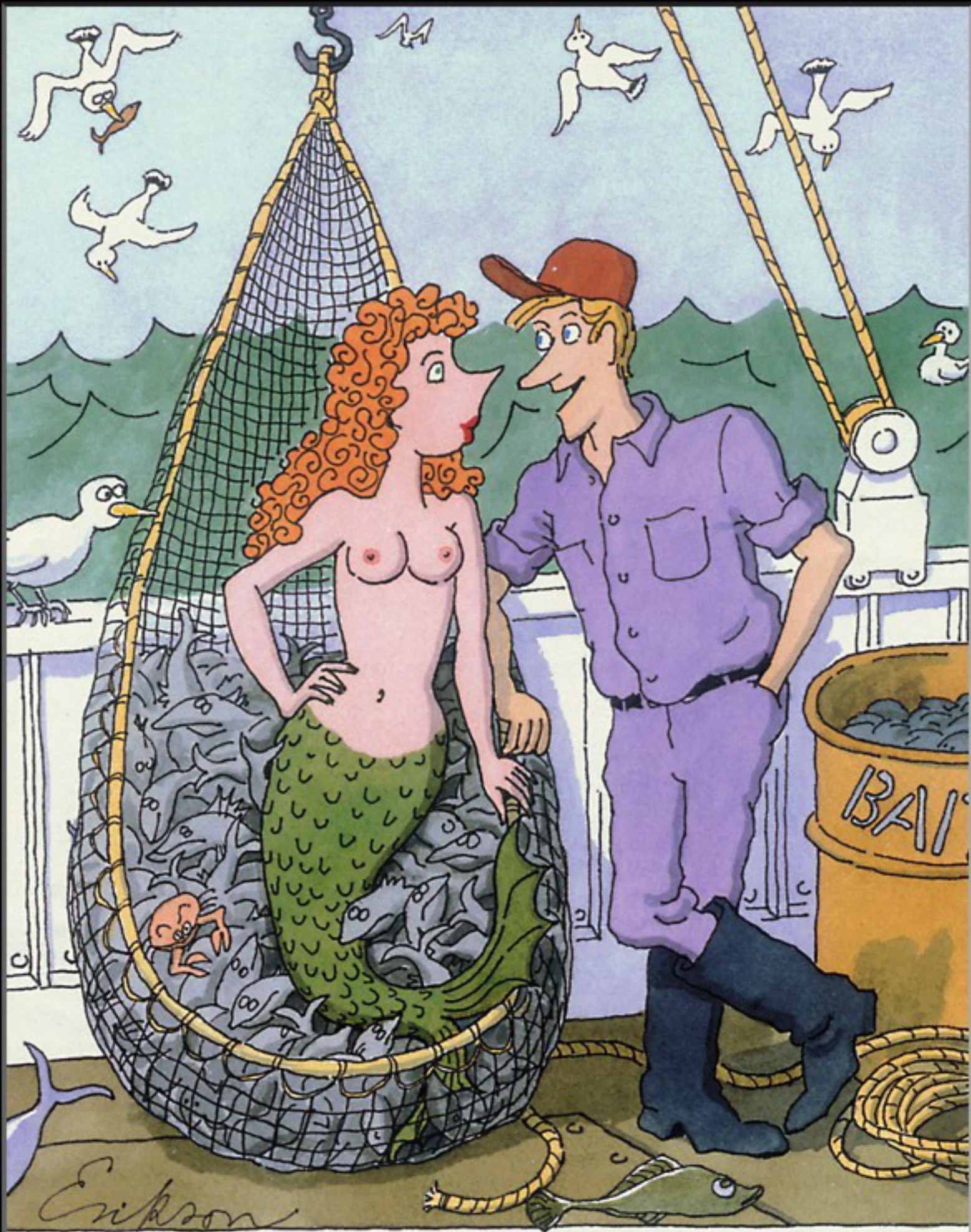
"Several thousand dollars, depending on your lineage," the woman replied.

"I see. Is there a less expensive way?"

The woman smiled. "You might try running for president."

How do you know when your house has been burglarized by a Deadhead? Your thongs are missing.

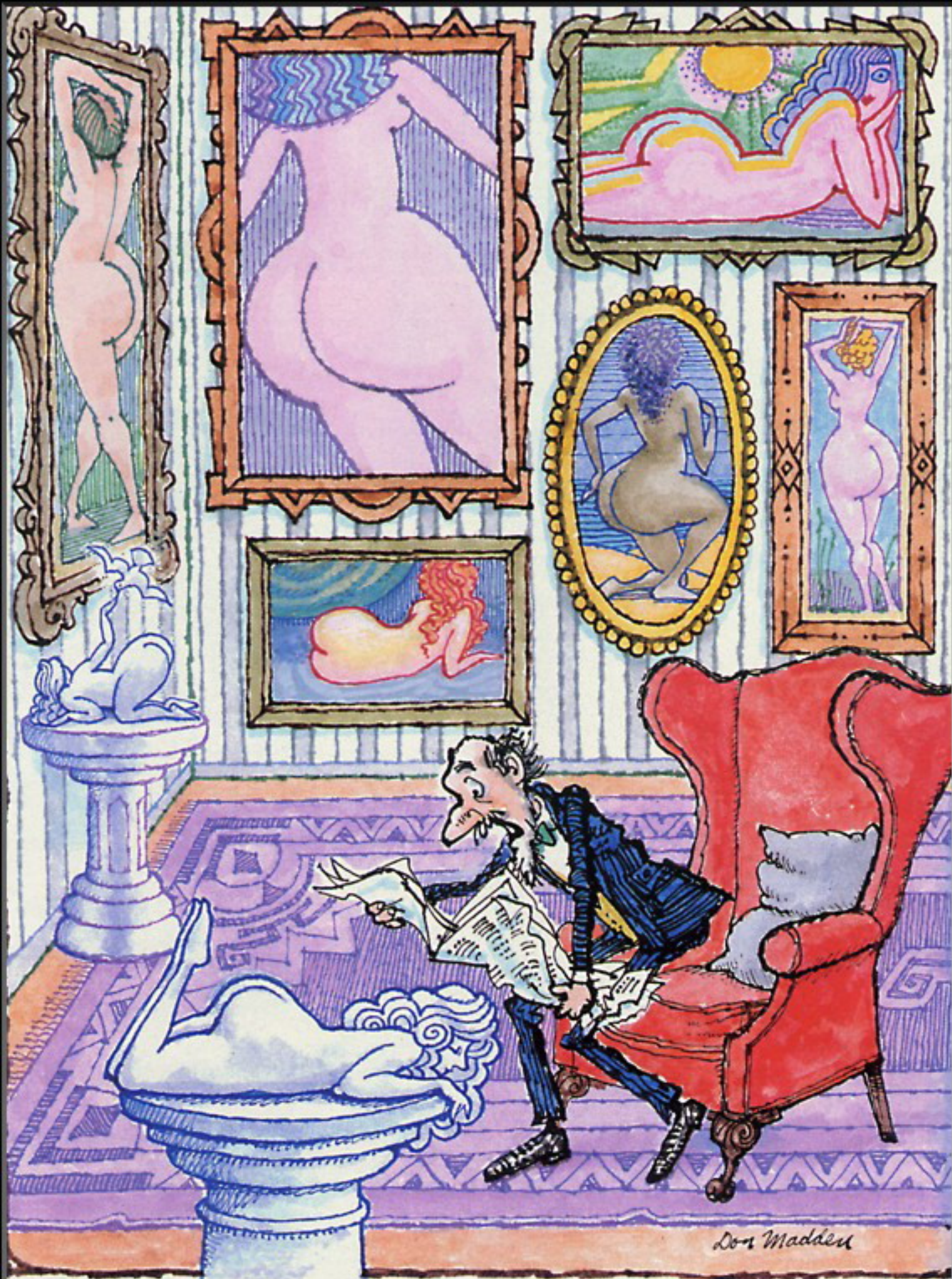
Heard a funny one lately? Send it on a postcard, please, to Party Jokes Editor, PLAYBOY, 680 North Lake Shore Drive, Chicago, Illinois 60611. \$100 will be paid to the contributor whose card is selected. Jokes cannot be returned.



"Got any ID? If you're under 18, I have to throw you back."



"If you are what you eat, you must eat some pretty damned exotic stuff!"



Don Madden

"Good grief! The bottom has fallen out of the art market!"

HOOTERS



CLAMS
WINGS
SHRIMP
OYSTER ROASTS

HONK

IF YOU
LOVE

HOOTERS

HOOTERS



THE GIRLS OF HOOTERS

it's service with a smile, and a whole lot more, at the hottest food joint in america

THE COLOR orange screams for attention. It's one of the brightest, most intense colors in the spectrum. It's almost combustible.

Fire is orange. The sun is orange. And orange is the color of the silky, micro gym shorts worn by the Hooters girls. Stare long enough and that orange will burn a hole right through your gray matter. Top off those orange shorts with a tight, white T-shirt (usually knotted in the back to emphasize the chest and bare midriff), and the results are death by Creamsicle. There are worse ways to go.

The Hooters girls flaunt these orange-and-whites at 117 restaurants in the U.S. By the end of this year, that figure could rise to 200. Hooters is fast becoming the McDonald's of wings-and-beer joints, and the Hooters girls are a big part of that success—and not just because of their skimpy outfits.

It's an attitude thing. Walk into any Hooters and you'll be greeted with a smile. The waitresses are so genuinely friendly and energetic, you can't help but perk up. There's one Miss Congeniality after another, mixed with a little innocent tease to whip the crowd into a feeding frenzy. When traffic is slow, which is rare, the waitresses usually pull up a chair and chat. "Here's more Three-Mile Island hot sauce for your chicken wings," says Liz Ann, who works at the Hooters in Boca Raton, Florida. "Don't spill it in your lap or you'll be singing soprano." Shy, these waitresses aren't, and that's half the fun.

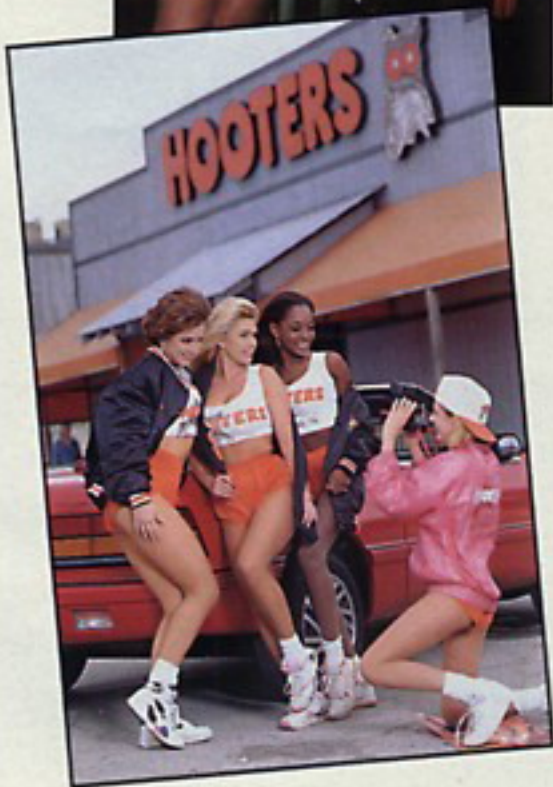
Honk if you love the fabulous fivesome parked in front of the original Hooters in Clearwater, Florida: (opposite page, clockwise from the top) Traci McAllister, Sandra Hinzman, Gina Menendez, Dawn Bergquist and Sunday Steward. Short shorts aren't a no-no here. Banking on that "sex sells" strategy, Hooters rapidly grew from this single restaurant into a nationwide chain. Waitresses like Stacy Rucker (right) from Nashville contributed, too. Being down to earth, she's into rock climbing.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY
RICHARD FEGLEY





Facing page, clockwise from top left: Chicago's Nanette DeCosmo would love to own a day-care center, but thinks childish men are a turnoff. Rub-a-dub-dub, the twins in the tub are Little Rock's Cara and Laura Honea, premed students who enjoy reading and rubber duckies. To make Casey Gray's heart beat faster, ask her to dance. You'll find her wearing mile-high dancing shoes wherever they play disco in Denver. Cheryl Ash is a hockey nut from Texas, who warns judgmental people that they're skating on thin ice. Jennifer McQuiston of Buffalo, New York (right and below) aspires to be "Al Bundy's dream girl on *Married With Children*," while (bottom, left to right) Kay Brown, Kym Williams, Lé Toia Francis and shutterbug Cheryl Ash ham it up outside a Dallas Hooters.





Between classes at Old Dominion, horseback riding and playing tennis, Newport News, Virginia's Melissa Brewster (left) is always on the move. Good luck slowing down Kym Williams (right and below top). If she's not working out or playing racquetball, Kym's turning heads in Dallas' social scene. Heidi Mark (below bottom) of West Palm Beach, Florida receives her share of stares, like when she orders her favorite peanut-butter-and-pickle sandwiches.







Michelle Armstrong (above) is studying to be a dental hygienist in Jacksonville, but she's extremely spontaneous and sometimes gets a bounce out of bungee-jumping. Augusta, Georgia's Renée DeLaporte (right and facing page, bottom) is a little less adventuresome: One of her most daring feats was cutting out PLAYBOY rabbit logos and bringing them to grade school for Easter show-and-tell, where she "got in a lot of trouble." Sunday Steward (opposite page, top) of Clearwater, Florida has seen a few troublemakers herself. An aspiring court reporter, she's shown here in her Sunday best.







Jennifer Gallatin (above left) boasts that her family is "always there" for her. She must mean that literally, because that's Jennifer's grandmother and mother with her (left) at a Baltimore Hooters restaurant. Jazz lover, gourmet cook and avid dancer Lé Toia Francis (above right) also knows a little Latin—carpe diem is the phrase this Texan lives by. Guys who try to play mind games with 19-year-old Summer Shepard (below right) of Little Rock haven't got a chance. She's a psych major in college. The oldest of five girls, Norcross, Georgia's Rosario Rubalcava (below left) can do without sports, preferring the quieter pursuits of sewing or reading. Cheryl Bartel (facing page) of Myrtle Beach, South Carolina, on the other hand, can't keep still. She water-skis, goes scuba diving and finds time to work out.





WICKED WILLIE.

Ascetics are naïve about the world. Self-knowledge can only come through self-indulgence.



Time to change your script, Einstein.



You're fantastic-looking. I'm amazed someone of your beauty isn't a supermodel.

Really? Would you come back to my place for a coffee?



Yeah!

GRAPEVINE

Let's Get Physical

PAMELA PAULSHOCK was a national winner in the Bikini Open Number Two. She took her obvious bikini skills directly to TV's *Baywatch*, where she honed them for numerous starring roles in calendar art.



It's Sheer, They're Clear and We Love It

JULIANNE PHILLIPS made a fine transition from object of gossip to TV actress. Her show *Sisters* steams up the tube on Saturdays. Other nights, Julianne does her steaming solo.

Fit and Fine

ANDREA WENZEL appeared in a music video, worked out on cable, modeled for *Swimwear Illustrated* and graced a Snap-On Tools calendar. She'd make Tim Allen proud.



Guitar Man

IAN MOORE might just have feet big enough to fill Stevie Ray Vaughan's musical shoes. A fellow Texan and guitar virtuoso with a self-titled LP, Moore's single asks *How Does It Feel?* It feels good to us.



Hill Top

Country singer FAITH HILL, heir to Reba McEntire, is burning up the country charts with *Take Me As I Am*. We do, and so will you when you hear her.



Soul Serenade

TONY TONI TONÉ is popping up everywhere, from Janet Jackson's tour to a *Saturday Night Live* gig to a hit single, *Anniversary*, to a platinum LP, *Sons of Soul*. Tony times three equals the jackpot.



Fair Hair Wonder

REBECCA RYZ is beautiful, that's obvious. She's talented, too. Did you see her on TV in *Baywatch* or *Townsend Television*? Did you see her on the big screen in *Blue Chips* or *Hot Shots*? We know you've seen her pitching Lady Godiva Liqueur. Salud!

NEXT MONTH



BAD GIRLS



DIRTY PICTURES



HIT MAN



BUNNY'S BABES

DOGS WALKED, PLANTS WATERED—HIT MAN KELLER KEPT LIFE SIMPLE AND DETACHED—UNTIL HE BOUGHT A DOG AND ANSWERED AN AD THAT CHANGED EVERYTHING—FICTION BY **LAWRENCE BLOCK**

RON HOWARD WENT FROM CHILD STARDOM TO A SUCCESSFUL CAREER DIRECTING HOLLYWOOD FILMS AS DIVERSE AS *BACKDRAFT*, *FAR AND AWAY* AND *COCOON*. HIS LATEST PROJECT, *THE PAPER*, TAKES ON BIG-CITY PUBLISHING; HERE HE TALKS ABOUT SEX IN MOVIES (ESPECIALLY HIS), BETTE DAVIS AND HIS NOT-SO-HAPPY DAYS, IN A FOUR-STAR PLAYBOY INTERVIEW BY **WARREN KALBACKER**

HOW DIRTY PICTURES CHANGED MY LIFE—WHAT HAPPENS WHEN A WHITE-BREAD KID FINDS A SEXUAL WONDERLAND? TALES OF THE TRIP FROM ANTIPORN FEMINIST TO EROTICA CONNOISSEUR—BY **LISA PALAC**

PLAYBOY'S 1994 BASEBALL PREVIEW—THE NEW, IMPROVED LEAGUE EXPANSION WILL HEAT UP RIVALRY BETWEEN THE OWNERS AND THE PLAYERS. WHAT EVERY RED-BLOODED FAN WANTS TO KNOW, OF COURSE: CAN BASEBALL'S BEST TEAM, THE BRAVES, FINALLY WIN IT? **KEVIN COOK** MAKES HIS PREDICTIONS

WHERE THERE'S SCHMOKE—HE ADVOCATES THE DECRIMINALIZATION OF DRUGS AND HAS A TOP SPOT ON THE NRA'S HIT LIST—JUST TWO REASONS WHY BALTIMORE MAYOR KURT SCHMOKE IS A MAN TO WATCH—PROFILE BY **ROGER SIMON**

BAD GIRLS—THEY ARE EVERYTHING THAT YOUR MOTHER WARNED YOU ABOUT AND THE STUFF OF YOUR WILDEST FANTASIES. OUR GUIDE ON NAUGHTY FEMMES FROM DREW BARRYMORE AND TONYA HARDING TO JESSICA RABBIT

DENIS LEARY—THE PRINCE OF RAWBONED COMEDY TALKS ABOUT HOCKEY AS A MALE-BONDING RITUAL AND RED MEAT AND TOBACCO AS NATIONAL TREASURES, IN A RIOTOUSLY WRY 20 QUESTIONS

BARELY THERE—THE FASHION RUNWAY HAS BECOME A PEEP SHOW. **CLAUDIA SCHIFFER**, **NAOMI CAMPBELL** AND A BEVY OF COUTURE BEAUTIES TAKE THE MINIMALIST APPROACH TO DRESSING

PLUS: POLITICALLY CORRECT BEDTIME STORIES, HIGH-END POINT-AND-SHOOT CAMERAS, A SEXY TRIBUTE TO PLAYBOY PHOTOGRAPHER **BUNNY YEAGER**, AND THE PORTABLE 50-MINUTE WORKOUT